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1868

J. E. Parker.

CLASS DAY.

DARTMOUTH.

1868.

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EXERCISES

OF

CLASS DAY

AT

Dartmouth College,

JULY 21, 1868.

CLAREMONT, N. H.
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1868.

MARSHAL:

GEORGE B. VANDERPOEL,

NEW YORK CITY.

ORATION.

By GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, Placerville, Cal.

We stand to-day on the last stepping-stone which leads from the portals of our Alma Mater. Day after to-morrow her final "God speed" will ring in our ears; we shall then gather the last handful of flowers which she will throw in our pathway, and turn our footsteps from her pleasant groves forevermore.

It will mark an era in the life of each one of us; not one of us can avoid the silent teaching of that farewell.

If we think at all, and we do, of the course just completed, in which our characters have been silently molded, each will sum it up in something like this: "It has been profitable to me" or "comparatively unprofitable."

To the idle it has been unprofitable—it has made them more idle; the diligent it has rewarded and made more diligent. And this brings me to the subject of what I have to say: The "Relation of Labor to Success."

I hold this to be a truth, that there is no excellence without great labor; though this is trite, it will, like a good proverb, bear repeating. For we see every day a growing tendency among American youth, to despise that labor which made their fathers successful, to avoid the very means by which only they can obtain true excellence in any department.

Too indolent or unambitious to *make* circumstances, we quietly wait for something to turn up, until it does turn up in the shape of the devil who will remove us from an expectant quietude to an unexpected inquietude.

I do not wish to enter the field so well occupied by Mr.

Carlyle, and demonstrate the beauty, or holiness, or dignity of labor, and advocate the building of barns and factories in preference to armories, navy-yards and gun-boats; but to speak of it as a mean and as an indispensable mean to success.

Were there need of examples, I should hardly know where to begin to cite or where to end; learned and great men from Newton and Descartes to Sir William Hamilton have, with as much shrewdness as modesty, attributed their discoveries more to application and attention than to any prerogative of genius.

And there are few more dangerous and destructive words in the dictionary than this word genius; it is picked out by every tyro, turned over, weighed, and often bound down to fit the cramped and probably cracked condition of his own cranium.

There is more genius dug out of the earth in the shape of kerosene oil, than was ever born into the world to flaunt for a time a dazzling flame and then go out, leaving a questionable fame, a bad example and one more to the list of human monstrosities.

One good lamp, properly used, would be the most prolific producer of geniuses yet devised; a half hour at a difficult root is worth more than all the Spanish chateaus ever erected.

But to leave our genius dreamily gazing into future honor, fame and position, which like the ignis fatuus rise to vanish, let us follow our worthy knight of the lamp.

He fares sumptuously every day with the finest spirits of ancient and modern times; he is not content to feed his immortal mind on the dry husks of every-day and commonplace twaddle; when we are at play he is at work, and bye-and-bye when he can afford to play we cannot afford to show our heads, for very shame.

Our embryo scholar, too, finds pleasures to which those of the senses are but empty rattle in comparison.

The progress of knowledge eradicates erroneous notions, dissipates vain fears and vain imaginations, destroys false ideas of pleasure and increases real delights. All charms do

not fly at mere touch of cold philosophy, but on the contrary are enhanced a thousand fold. With how much more pleasure, think you, does the educated man view the beauties of nature, than the ignorant one? How much more is the laborious man impressed with the guilt of idleness! His value to the state is increased, his own capacities for enjoyment multiplied, the holy cause of education advanced, and all by the expenditure of a little labor, without which he would have been, I know not what, at any rate a poor drone, only fit to be expelled from the busy hive of society. But literary or scientific labor, to which we intended more particularly to confine ourselves, is admirably calculated to be a rewarder of them that diligently seek it. It differs from other departments in this, that the scholar less frequently looks for his reward in the praise of the masses. He lives in an atmosphere above the common herd; his consciousness pays him a rich stipend of pleasure, and he feels that his success, considered in no other light, is well worth the pains he has taken to secure it. Jonathan Edwards never had the degree of Doctor of Laws or of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him, while they were showered on scores of his common-place contemporaries. Yet he knew too well that a great intellect, imagination and heart are conditions of noble joy and content, when free from that extravagant desire of public approbation which so often accompanies them. And this only comforts the deserving in their disappointment, when they see obsequiousness and unprincipled conformity rewarded by conventional honors, for their very chicanery. Shall a man of really supreme worth, fret at being kept from the titular recognitions which are usually given to factitious claims of name and position, and usually withheld from men of the greatest merit if they be unpopular or obscure? Says a recent writer, "Character and experience of men depend on the inmost modes of thought and feeling they cherish, their favorite objects and kinds of contemplation, rather than upon the sociality or solitariness of their outward habits."

When one labors for distinction, he receives in its train, as

almost necessary concomitants, a mental superiority and grasp which alone are valuable; he fits himself for sweet, solitary communion with his own thoughts, which may be of inestimable service when his personal liberty is abridged ; when society frowns on him, he can live in an atmosphere far above it, where the loudest denunciations cannot injure, and where but few kindred spirits are allowed to soar.

I consider that man's happiness greater, yes, his life better, whose head is proof against the swarms of poisonous insects which infest society, and which are indigenous to every soil ; his happiness is greater, I say, than that of the charlatan who is continually wrestling and tumbling with the multitude whose very touch is contamination ; who at one moment favor, and the next frown and behead ; whose masters they make their servants ; whose favors are carried away by the highest bidder, and who have neither eyes nor conscience, being both naturally and morally blind.

The man who like Archimedes, can find an absorbing pleasure in his circles, or like Scaliger can wage a battle in Homer but never hear one at his own door, has a homestead to which his title is the best, and in which he can live in undisturbed possession. This is what we obtain by a moderate and timely application to books, to nature, or the great but varying social and political questions of every day : we find

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones and good in everything."

I say moderate application, for we cannot storm the hill of science, "*Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sœpe cadendo.*" A few minutes of every day well applied would make any one ready in many directions. Some of the most voluminous writers in literature, have accomplished their great works by devoting to them but an hour or two each day, less than you and I devote to nothing and complain of that. Dr. Johnson proved that by writing one octavo page per day he could prepare sixteen volumes in the ordinary life of man.

No man ever wrote an immortal book, invented a useful machine, or won a great battle without first accomplishing the preliminary task of preparation. Many, indeed, have greatness thrust suddenly upon them, but most of such are as suddenly diminutived, which means that they are restored from the dangerous and inordinate dimensions of the ox to which they aspired, to their true physiological limits in the frog.

We are told that bile wins battles and that diet is liable to change the dynasties of the world ; yet cannot a man regulate both? Wealth of understanding is never inherited, but like property in material goods, the poorest can enrich himself with it; material wealth allied to it becomes beautiful, loses all its grossness, and serves a holy mission.

Upon you and me, my Classmates, has this ancient seat of learning bestowed its modicum of culture in various directions.

The record of her sons will always stand before us, an incentive to noble effort, and a rebuke to inactivity.

Though the path of indolence will often invite and allure by a display of pleasant fields and flowery meads, it is full of pitfalls, quagmires and the unwholesome odors of noxious weeds, and whoso entereth it either falls into the filth or is choked by the pestilential vapors.

A better way has been pointed out to us ; one whose pleasantness is no sham, and whose peace cannot be counterfeited—a way in which striving and competition are indispensable to reaching the goal ; a way in which the company is always lively, because over its gateway is written "Let no slothful man enter here."

Let Truth and Error enter, side by side, if you please, but let toleration cease with the indolent; let them feed on sunshine and moonbeams, and reap the consequences in an early and generous taking off.

The probationary state of man will not permit him to receive great and lasting good without toil; no man is suddenly very good or very bad, and in this we have an advantage. We are not old enough to be very good or very bad,

therefore it behooves us to look well to the critical transitionary period in which we live.

The level of Jack Falstaff may be placed as a beacon light to warn us off that dangerous shore, the haunt of such as he. "It were better to be eaten to death with rust than scoured to death by perpetual motion."

The standard of St. Paul should be made the standard of every man, as conducive to his best temporal, as well as spiritual welfare; "Our remedies are oft' found in ourselves."

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves that we are underlings."

POEM.

By HENRY C. BLISS, Hartford, Vt.

Listen, my Classmates, to your poet's lay
Commem'rative of this our parting day,
When we like drops of water swiftly hurled
From wheels revolving, enter now the world
To mingle with the surging tide of life,
To sink or swim ;—at least the manly strife
Will soon begin ; how soon that strife will close
Let him your chosen prophet speak in prose.
The Past is not my theme; what e'er has been
By you is given to task another's pen ;
But since that task to me is not assigned
To coax fair Clio to inspire my rhyme,
I'll let my Muse like falcon in the sky—
Sieze the first prey that chances passing by ;
And if perchance, like bird in falcon's grasp,
My theme be torn to tatters in my task,
Know well in thoughts I fain to you would speak
Lies truth inherent, though with weary feet
It plods along these lines to meet your gaze ;
The fault's not in the traveller, but the ways.
If we upon your minds one thought can leave—
If in life's subtle tissues we can weave
One golden thread from which in after days
The light of mem'ry may reflect its rays,
Then, when we leave the old pine's sombre shade,
Will Class-day labors be in full repaid.
The world is full of truths, the very air
We breathe is laden with them, and they bear
The perfumes of their source—the God who strews
His truths as freely as the air its dews.
But he who searches for life's better end
Them feels and breathes, but seldom comprehends.

As one who sails upon the mighty deep
Knows little of myst'ries which beneath him sleep;
Laughs when the waves reflect the golden sun;
Delights in breezes, trembles in the storm;
Nor cares he aught for mighty rolling main,
But that it bear him to his port again;
So man, while sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
Sees but utility in God's myst'ries.
Could men but fully, clearly comprehend
The vast infinity to which extends
This simple truth—that influence ceases never,
But once created liveth on forever;
One common truth, this simple mighty fact
Uniting ages in one firm compact,
Making the future present, present past,
Wedding the first day to the very last,
Less human law we'd need to hold mankind
Obesive to those principles which find
Their habitude in every human mind.
Oh that we could analyze the present—
Resolve the Now into each element
Which constitute the spirit of an age;
Pluck from the tree its transient foliage;
Lay bear its root, the trunk expose to view;
Examine the soil wherein it sprang and grew—
Then might we know why bitter is the fruit;
Why war so often is mankind's pursuit;
Why still beneath the fairest of all skies
A people make their freedom's obsequies;
Why stand on Egypt's now deserted plain—
But monuments of long departed fame;
Why, where old Carthage stood in pompous pride,
Now desolation, lone and drear, preside.
Yet these discrepancies, these changes all
As consequents from minor causes fall.
Had great Æneas on his voyage to Rome,
On Afric's shore with Dido found a home,
Forsooth, to-day the scholar's searching eye
Might turn to Carthage as to Italy.
And, Classmates, if you will excuse the time
Of adding morals to my homely rhyme,
I'd say, beware, lest you for "cup" too fast,
Like ruined she then find your hopes at last;
And as Carthage incured a lasting hate
In wooing Rome against the laws of Fate,
Your early years may wage eternal strife
Against success you seek in after life.

The Grecian mother, to her infant boy
Re-told the tales of sacked and conquered Troy;
Taught him, with heroes of the past to vie,
Like them to battle, and like them to die.
Well was her lesson taught and learned; well
By wars Greece triumphed, and in blood she fell;
And have those waves of influence ceased to beat
The shores of time, because no more repeat
The causes? No; the Grecian mother still
Teaches the world, and yet forever will.

* * * *

There's not an atom of the boundless spheres
That is destructible or disappears
From the existence to which they are called—
So not an influence e'en great or small
That ceases ever in its moulding power
But through the future, till the latest hour
Of time,—the waves upon that mystic sea
Will roll and mingle with eternity.
In Egypt, rich now only in remains
Of ruined splendor and of hoary fame,
Beside historic Nile, whose sable wave
Kisses the birthland and the nameless grave
Of empire which rose, flourished and died
Like airy bubbles on old ocean's tide,
Once stood a mighty city, we infer
By ruins only, her sole chronicler.
But where are they who in her palmier days
Basked in her splendor and so thronged her ways;
Where are her warriors big with brief renown;
And where her kings, her sceptre and her crown;
Her wealth, her luxury, her pompous pride,
Bloating in vain conceit; and where the tide
Of human life, that through those ruined streets
Surged like the ocean; where the many feet
That wore those pavements; where the sparkling eye
That wondered at God's myst'ries in the sky?
There lies the hero, numbered with the band,
That lived and died 'ere classic Homer sang;
There mingles with the desert sand
The sceptred and the shackled hand;
There, dust to dust, the slave and king
In common graves are mingling—
The names of both forgotten, gone
From history and poets song.
Still they are only gone in name,

While the immortal parts remain
Their influence on us is cast,
Although two thoussnd years have passed,
And, mortals, till the latest hour
Of time, will feel their silent power.
Classmates, to the untried future
Each of us is hurrying fast;
Shall we then not learn a lesson
From the teachings of the past?
You may battle for distinction,
Which we call eternal fame,
And you e'en may reach the temple,
And high on it write your name;
Yet sometime you'll be forgotten,
Like the ones who on the way
Met a grave and sank into it—
Met oblivion in a day;
And the world will go as blithely
As though never we were born,
Just as we are wholly careless
Of the ones before us gone.

Though they tread upon your ashes,
You may help to mould their minds
To a symmetry more Godlike,
Like its prototype divine.

While the influence you've exerted,
Careless of its consequence,
Will be present at the judgment
And receive its recompense.

We shall part—but still my classmates
Ere we break the golden chain;
Ere we pass the mystic portal
To the future's wide domain;
In these few remaining moments
Ere our College sands are run;
Ere this life we have departed
And another is begun;
Ere our common path diverging
When two fleeting days are done,
Will resolve itself, and number
Thirty-two instead of one;
While the lamp burns low and flickers,
And the mind in fancy peers
To the dim but wished for future
Which perhaps you'll meet in tears;

Let us pause, and retrospective
To the bygone turn our gaze
O'er these years we've spent together—
Four long years of College days.
May be when the coming future
Vexing cares have on you lain,
Grievous sorrows, crushing burdens,
You will wish them back again.
Doubtless some one of our number,
After many years have fled,
Will return with faltering footsteps,
And with grey hairs on his head
He will stand beneath our Class-tree,
Pausing long to meditate
On the band that once there gathered ,
Long ago in sixty-eight ;
He will think of his old Classmates,
Of those many mutual friends,
Of their many different pathways
And the tombstones at their end,
Where the wrecks of hope lie buried,
And ambition's fitful fire
Met its curfew at the noonday
With the aims it did aspire.
We who started in the morning
With our number firm and strong,
Twice have worn the badge of mourning
For two brothers homeward gone.
Though we write his name in marble
As a token of our love ;
Though we know that golden letters
Form his name in realms above ;
Yet we feel that still among us
Lives what death could not efface,
Influence of pure example
Fraught with holy, manly grace.

The time has come at last, when we
Like pilgrims from their native shore,
Must launch our bark into the sea,
And bid farewell to scenes of yore.

O, gala days of College life,
How dream-like have thy moments past ;
"Though flown the arrow" yet how rife
With mem'ries pleasant to the last.

E'en now I seem to feel the tie,
Which here has made us all as one,
Loosened. And a voice seems nigh
To say, God speed! your work is done.

So is my task, but it has been
Labor of love; and to the shades
Of College days, my offering
Unworthy, has been gladly made.

Farewell, Dartmouth! may you ever
Be as now an *Alma* Mater;
Recreant may we prove, never;
Farewell! *Octo Sexigenta.*

CHRONICLES.

By F. C. Hathaway, Hardwick, Vt.

The historian always labors at a twofold disadvantage; first, because he is not permitted to embellish his writings with fanciful pictures,—and, secondly, because nothing but facts must be stated, and those without partiality or prejudice. Deeply impressed with the responsibility of the task, your Chronicler has consulted the oracles, and examined the books, and nothing is recorded in these annals, concerning the accuracy and authenticity of which there is any doubt. Should the attractive element of wit be wanting, it must be remembered that it is chiefly of "*grave* subjects" that I have to speak, and the Class motto—"Procul, O Procul, este profani"—would not permit me to mention any of its *doings* with unbecoming levity.

The first man who delivered his "moral character" into the hands of the Faculty, and passed the terrible ordeal of examination, was your Chronicler, who had his preconceived idea that Dartmouth College was a *working* institution, considerably strengthened by the fact, that he found the President *pro tem.* at work in the garden, and the Professor of Greek sawing wood. Two native Hanoverians, Smith and Hale, were then on the scene of action; and, as they passed down the street together, reminded me of Pious Æneas and the boy Ascanius, walking along "non passibus æquis."—Next came the annual delegate from Thetford—Sherman, who, like Bulwer's novels, made up in length what he wanted in substance. Haverhill sent us a *ligneous* specimen, which for some time was thought to be of the genus Bass,

but the error was discovered the following winter by a pugilistic school-boy, who demonstrated the fact that it was genuine *Boxwood*, and this conclusion was verified Sophomore Fall, though in a very different way. It has been recently ascertained that it makes an excellent sounding board, though not particularly musical. Montpelier sent us a sprig of nobility whose name (J. King Lord,) indicated that he was a regular "*double header.*" He came attended only by a single *Page*, though he has always manifested a dislike for *republican* simplicity.

Our little company was thrown into ecstacy by the arrival of six feet of perfect Bliss from Hartford, Vt. Haverhill, Mass. donated two rare curiosities, both of which appeared eminently qualified to personate the Mammoth Cave ;—one on stilts and the other without ; both have since *distinguished* themselves as we shall notice hereafter. Topsham and Goffstown, each spared us one of their twelve *patriarchs*. Windham added a Camel (Campbell) to our collection ; California sent us a Grizzly, and Canterbury furnished airs (Ayers) for the whole class.

But as this is intended to be historical, rather than biographical, I must forbear to mention others except as occasion may require.

Sept. 2d. 1864, was the eventful day to which we had all been looking ; and when it came, at the *first note* of the Chapel Bell, twenty-six made a *rush* for Prayers ; and after numerous enquiries and some Sophomoric *advice*, all succeeded in finding the proper quarter of the Chapel, except your Chronicler, who got ahead two years, and took a seat with the Juniors. I might here incidentally add that he made a similar mistake the next Sabbath and sat with the Seniors at church. The initiatory lecture was *read* by the Professor of Greek, and created a profound impression of the dignity of the institution. *Silence reigned, all sat erect, and there was no "wooding up."* I give this the prominence of italics as it is believed to be the only case of the kind during the whole course.

Page spent most of the afternoon before the mirror, prac-

ticing the most "NOBBY" way of giving the required Salute. The first recitation was in Livy, and those called recited with great fear and trembling; even Burbank, with the experience of three preparatory schools, handled his "pony" leaves a little nervously, and Bartlett 2d., after failing to give intelligible answers to several questions, *admitted* that "the point was not *quite* clear to his mind." For the first few days while the electioneering canvass lasted, we were all pretty good fellows, and in great demand among upper-class men. Toward the close of the month, Condit and Vanderpoel came. The latter took rooms at Mr. Field's for awhile, but owing to the close proximity of the campus and hotel, the *noise* compelled this studious youth to move his quarters to Rev. Mr. Richardson's, where he remained the rest of the year with a *select* company in close application. I will here mention the fact that he has since overcome this weakness, and returned to the old place, where his *studies* have not been interrupted, at least during the last year.

During the first few weeks we all distinguished ourselves by eighteen unsuccessful attempts to carry off the foot-ball, and about the middle of the term the grand match game came off. Hughes was stationed on the left, and kept his position faithfully during the whole game, which lasted about fifteen minutes. Having been "triumphantly" defeated, we left the field, magnanimously cheering for the victors. (For further particulars see the Ægis.) About this time the Sophomores began making nocturnal visits to our recitation room, always leaving their peculiar smell behind them, and on one occasion, through some unaccountable mistake, one of their own number also. Near the close of the term, the President gave us a reception, at which, our "Daring Adventurer," Anderson, attempted to walk through a pier-glass, but was finally rescued by a blooming maiden of thirty. The Sophs kindly volunteered to furnish some of their *characteristic* music for the occasion, which was properly appreciated. Soon after, the favor was requited at their reception, and we "*held*" them "*spell-bound*" for the space of half an hour.

It was at this time that Page called upon a young lady, by special invitation, but afterwards learned that the note came from Soph. Whipple. Examination came at last, and when the "weighing" process was over, no one was found "*wanting.*" I will here state for the benefit of future classes that the posting of one division in the guard room, to pass written extracts from Chase's Algebra through the key hole, will be found a very *convenient* arrangement for examination. We cannot say that this will always succeed, but it worked well in our case.

Great anxiety had been manifested for some time respecting the "marks." There were, as usual, several candidates for the leadership, and nearly all the rest expected to be "Phi Betas." But alas for human expectations; the Patriarch from Topsham took the lead, and the "fat boy from Andover" brought up the rear, which accounts for his ever afterwards being called "Baby" Bartlett. There could not, of course, in a class of twenty-eight, be *more* than *ten* in the first third. I will here state, that this mathematical fact was first demonstrated by Ayers, after an unsuccessful attempt to prove by the binomial theorem that there *might* be *eleven.* It is supposed that this hallucination originated in the fact that he was the *eleventh* man. I had almost forgotten to mention, that it was during this term that White started his celebrated reform pledge, which, no doubt, was productive of much good Sophomore year. An opposition movement was also started, and your chronicler with several others who were desirous of being on the right side, signed *both*, to make a sure thing of it. During the winter, most of the class were excused to *teach*, and it is believed that several were actually engaged in that noble vocation, though it is rumored that the number who had more than one pupil at a time was *very* small. We all "wintered," and, on our return in the spring, were joined by three new recruits, Emerson, Cook a Michigander (who later in his course became noted as a trainer of animals, especially of the feline race,) and another Patriarch, from New Ipswich. Nothing of particular interest occurred during this term except a class

"conference" with the Professor of mathematics, on the subject of foot-ball rushes, and the "inconveniences" attending them. After a prolonged session, and numerous adjournments, it was unanimously resolved that "rushes," during study hours, were deleterious ; that all disturbances, during recitations, were "*wrong*;" and all declared their "*present* intention," not to disturb the recitation except in cases of "extreme excitement."

The beginning of the summer term was attended by a remarkable incident,—*Vanderpoel was present.* I call your especial attention to this fact, as it is the only time he has ever been present at the commencement of a term. But few things occurred during the term worth chronicling. "Baby" Bartlett gave a very lucid explanation of his idea of an "apparent hiatus," which, on account of its precision I quote,—"don't understand nothin' 'bout it." This was universally admitted to be the most *accurate* answer he ever gave. George, after consulting with some of his scientific friends in regard to the best beautifier of the complexion, tried nitrate of silver with *marked* effect ; but never was known to use it but *once.* At the close of the examination, it was ascertained that our New Ipswich Patriarch had taken the lead. Thus closed the first act, and all went away with good resolutions respecting the future. Several burnt their ponies, having determined to proceed in a legitimate way the rest of their course, which resolution, judging from their subsequent translations, I have no doubt they kept.

Sophomore year opened ominously. At the first recitation we all became experimentally acquainted with the phrase "*sub jugum mittere,*" for we were all sent under the yoke though the performance required a whole day for its completion. At night, a council of war was held, and, as it was found that only *four* had been suspended during the day, we took fresh courage. To explain all the "differences" that arose between the Faculty and class during the term, would exceed our limits. At the close of the term an inspection was had, at which, it was ascertained that twenty-five were present, most of whom, however, were on probation ;

and of those missing, Merrill and Clark were supposed to be *dead*, metaphorically speaking ; Sherman, George, Burbank, Cook and "Baby" Bartlett, were in temporary exile, and Bartlett 1st was away sick. I will here remark that the latter died soon after, and Bartlett 2d. never returned. Haverhill sent us a Gale at the beginning of the term which was received with great joy when it was ascertained to be a musical one. Our classical "Camel" always persisted in calling him Procella, though we have never noticed anything very blustering about him except his chum. Curtis reached us just in season to *oversee* the surveying practice. The Fieldwork was very agreeable, but the divisions were found to be too small for convenience, as two were specially detailed from each, whose regular duty was to take the *bearings* of all *accessible* fruit trees in the neighborhood. It is needless to say that all performed their duty faithfully, especially those detailed. It is even reported that some of the latter sat up nights to accomplish their *work*, though I never heard of their burning the midnight oil while engaged at their task. Early in the term, Noyes and Merrill began to compete for the "spoon," and the result was that the Wentworth Hall Club was compelled to suspend at the end of two weeks. Merrill was conceded to have the most capacious organ of mastication, but Noyes excelled in digestion, and ultimately won the victory. The Spring term was remarkably quiet as there was hardly a quorum present. The only occurrence worthy of mention, was in connection with the Junior Exhibition. Fearing that their well known modesty might not permit them to publish suitable programmes, we took the matter in hand, but as our first edition did not prove entirely satisfactory, another was issued. The effect was *striking*, as your chronicler and Page can testify. At the beginning of the summer term, the exiles, including Clark and Merrill, returned, but upon examination, it was found that those who pursued their studies at Dunbarton, were so much in advance of the class, that it was thought best to excuse them till fall.

It was during this term that Parkhurst, induced by an

excessive desire for literature, took up his connection with the institution, having previously obtained full permission from the Faculty. When examination came, Page, either being destitute of funds or desirous of using them for some other purpose, failed to make the necessary preparation, and consequently, "flunked" in mathematics. Your Chronicler would here state that he was absent teaching most of the time Junior and Senior falls, but the class Historian has kindly furnished a record of the leading occurrences, which can be relied upon as perfectly authentic. Vanderpoel was absent, as usual, at the opening of the term; but very excusably, as he broke his arm during vacation while attempting to perform an exceedingly difficult *gymnastic* feat. This term witnessed three new arrivals;—two *Wise* men from the South, and an excellent *suit* of *clothes* from New York City. One of the former, made the astonishing announcement, that Demosthenes was in the habit of sleeping with Cicero, which is said to be his inference from the phrase "Ciceroni dormitat" in the tenth book of Quintilian. A complaint was made against Bliss for the capital offense of "murdering Latin," and the Prof. advised him to procure a translation, but he did not comply, as he had already taken that precaution. Clark, becoming riotous in a class meeting, was ejected by the Sergeant-at-Arms. I mention this as an instance of the strict discipline which always prevailed at meetings of the class. Wood, who was teaching at Meriden, was approached by a youngster who asked him if "this was his first term;" a mistake about equal to that of the Bostonian, who, having met Anderson and Campbell, remarked that he "had just seen a young man from Dartmouth College, with his *Father*."

The "knife" which had previously been awarded to Noyes, was presented, near the close of the term, with appropriate ceremonies, though it was not a very *sober* affair, especially towards the close. Far be it from my intention to enter into any partisan strife, but I can not forbear to mention that Cook and Ranney were prominent candidates for the honor. It was during this term, that Hughes began to deliver his

"Curtain Lectures" to "respected and delighted audiences," and Vanderpoel occasionally exhibited his Jack-*all*. In the spring, Merrill and Burbank left us and went to Germany, and George did not return. It is reported that he settled down to school teaching and connubial felicity at Plattsburg, N. Y. This loss was partially made up by the arrival of Bennett, whose genealogy shows him to be the very quintessence of the "hundred Boston orators." Rumor has it that he was dismissed from Waterville on account of his *fiery* disposition.

Considerable inconvenience was experienced, both this and the following term, on account of the persistence of the Prof. of Astronomy, in requiring particular and *definite* answers instead of *general* ones. An example will illustrate. Blanchard being requested to give the average distance of the asteroids from the sun, said it was a "considerable number of miles." "Yes," said the Prof., "but about *how* many?" "about a hundred," replied "Grum." "No," said the Prof., "about *two hundred and fifty millions.*" Such *slight* discrepancies were however generally overlooked. About this time, Curtis received a call from an elderly gentleman from "up North," where he stopped awhile during summer vacation, respecting a little *business matter*, but too little is known of the affair to warrant further statement. Ayers spent most of his time at Church, winking and grinning over the edge of the Gallery at a young lady below, but at length received an indignant note from the lady, written however by Condit, requesting him to discontinue his amorous glances, which had the desired effect. Condit was reproved by a young lady for wearing a brass watch chain, on the ground that he had a *sufficient* quantity in his *face*. At the close of the summer term, it devolved upon us to trim the Libraries; and it was upon that occasion that Hill first betrayed his susceptibility to female charms.

Time will not permit me to give an extended account of the trip to the mountains. Gale was dismissed after a few days, on account of his profanity and smoking propensity. Ranney gave his name to a *fall* in the "Flume" with pecul-

iar and *impressive* christening ceremonies. Page performed many daring feats and Twombly washed the dishes. Cook held a very romantic conversation with a Gipsy woman, but her *biting* sarcasm quite overcame him. Three new men joined us in the fall ; Howe who had just graduated from a Western College ; Blaisdell, premature graduate of the class of '64, as well as a somewhat noted somnambulist; and Waterville sent us a *valuable* donation, although every one called it Small. Early in the term, the Lecturer on Physiology, was obliged to pause in the midst of a very interesting lecture and wait for Ayers to quiet his excited nerves, as he was known to be afflicted with the *heart* disease. This gentleman, soon after, discovered that literature was his special fort, and immediately took a high stand in the world of letters, by his very appropriate introduction, to "Women of the War." At one recitation during the term, Lord asked only eleven questions; as the number was unusually small considerable curiosity was manifested to know the cause. Some asserted that he was unwell, but the more probable reason was, that there was no prospect of his being called. Hughes was absent, acting as missionary to the Indian tribes of Minnesota. He was induced to undertake this mission by the entreaties of Cushing, who has always manifested great solicitude for the prosperity and *increase* of that noble race.

On the morning of Feb. 4th, we were overwhelmed with grief by the intelligence that Sherman, who had been absent teaching, was dead. On the following Sabbath we attended his funeral at Thetford. Though it is no part of my present duty to eulogize, I will add this tribute to his memory. In his frail body he ever carried a pure heart and a noble soul. During the spring, White, having become convinced that College was not the place for "shrewd business men," left us and set up a bookstore down town. The appointments for commencement were given out at the close of the term and the class immediately began to cultivate their "elaborative" faculties.

Throughout the summer term the *Professors*, generally

speaking, recited *well*, except in Guyzot, when it was done by special committees appointed for the purpose. It was on one of these occasions that Bennett soared off into the realms of infinity and brought back the following definition of Common Sense—"The instantaneous reflex of unforced and unimpeded mental activity, caused by the perception of objective realities and subjective subtleties,"—"which," remarked the Prof., "being interpreted according to the language of scripture, means—what?" The principal work of the term, was to plant three trees, learn to sing Amesbury and hold class meetings for the purpose of levying taxes, all of which was duly performed.

Thus have I imperfectly recalled our past history; the present we have before us and the future will soon be unveiled to our astonished gaze by our worthy Prophet.

PROPHECIES.

By A. D. CONDIT, Terre Haute, Ind.

"W'ats a prophet?" inquired the elder Weller. "Vy a man as tells what's agoin' to happen," responded Sam. I have the honor to stand in that position this afternoon in relation to the class of '68. It is my duty to draw aside the misty veil which divides the present and future, to peer into that uncertain void, impenetrable, but to the inspired, or him indued with second sight,—by the latter no reference is made to the faculty of seeing double—and make known the future destiny of each one. I might warn you to beware, "that you know what you are, but 'twere better not to know what you may be," quoting that familar line—

"Where ignorance is bliss,"

—no joke on our Poet intended,—but my experience among you proves to me conclusively that it would be folly to offer any such advice, and I withhold it. My work then must go forward, and it shall be wholly my own, neither soothsayer, nor astrologer, ghost nor demon, shall share my labors in compiling these prophecies. I free myself from the contamination of them all, and assume the whole responsibility of what I may say, uncorrupted by bribes. And

"There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats!
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not."

True we have two *wise* men in our own class, whom I might have called in to my assistance but their presence was invoked so frequently at West Lebanon, that had I desired it, I should have early abandoned any thought of securing a portion of their time. But I did not wish it; I boast myself a true prophet, a lineal descendant from *Daniel*, and you may be assured that my words will be fulfilled—provided

you have sufficient faith. It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon your past history, to establish my reputation as a prophet. Our veracious Chronicler who just preceded me, has faithfully portrayed your life up to the present hour, and I am the Cond(u)it by which you shall pass in imagination from the joyous, happy present, from the bosom of our *happy family* into the unknown and untried future, where mayhap your vision opens upon elysian fields, where all is pleasant and beautiful, a Mahomet's paradise; beware lest your dreams be an illusion, and deceive you as the mirage on the desert lures the weary traveller onward to beautiful oases, which continually recede as he draws near the coveted rest. My intimacy with you, gives me abundant resources, from which my inspiration is drawn, "Coming events cast their shadows before," and I see the future through the past. To the uninspired my task may seem an easy one, to foretell the destiny of thirty-two men; but I would point them to our modest Cush, or our stately Chronicler, who *dyed* this morning, that he might create a sensation and fluttering among the fair ones here assembled, and whose imposing presence, I doubt not, has impressed you all with a sense of awe and admiration; where will *these* find "a local habitation and a place to lie down in." 'Tis true that Blaisdell and Anderson have presaged their future, but the Chromatic art would avail but little with Ayers,

> "The Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would be,
> The Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was he."

And Ranney, too, who declares his intention to be an M. D., I find, after casting his horoscope, in a very different pursuit. Then should I fail to allot to some of you that immortal glory which your ambition leads you to fancy will be yours—cry out with a loud *Noyes*—

> "Of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
> Save, oh! save me, from a candid friend."

Tempora Mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

We are in the year 1888, twenty years have wrought many changes. As "*liberally educated*" young men we launched our barks upon the troubled waters of life with the inevitable future before us; with our star of destiny shining above us, we were guided into that haven of which you are all waiting anxiously to hear. I don my mantle, and proceed to satiate your greedy appetite.

Cochran first walks in upon the scene; he has been for a number of years editor of the Lacrosse Democrat, successor

to Brick Pomeroy—defunct. Brick took him into his office as devil, and soon found him *such a devil* that he raised him to full partnership, and upon the death of B. P., Mickey became sole editor and proprietor. He no longer is compelled to worship his beloved *Ada* as one in the distance, but has taken her for his own, though I shouldn't wonder if he thought within himself,

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

The irrepressible Wise is chief *engineer* in a milliner shop in Jersey City, and has attained the consummation of his ambition, seated in a high chair in the midst of an array of fair young desmoiselles, dispensing in their willing ears his cheap talk; the only alloy to embitter his cup of happiness is the fact that Ranney finds it convenient to pass several hours each day *buzzing* the girls; truly he finds,

"There is no rose without a thorn."

Ambrose Loomis Ranney, would have taken a prominent rank among the Doctors, but the enchantment of buzzing, to which we have alluded, was so great, that all else was neglected; he has determined to leave Wise alone in his glory, and establish a dollar Bazaar, that he may retrieve his shattered fortune and indulge his darling propensity at the same time. Wise 2d, or t'other Wise as he is sometimes called, has become the most successful divorce lawyer in Chicago; the ladies often apply for a divorce upon the most frivolous excuse, that they may have him plead their cause. Small and Twombly entered into partnership, and hang out their shingle in Vassalborough. Their office is near that of the undertaker, while they have an interest in the livery stable; they are doing a *flourishing* business. Ayers had charge of the Church at Meriden for a number of years, but fell into the snares of a gushing widow, who like the relict of John Rogers, had *nine small children and one at*—school in the place. She proposed to our Classmate, and his tender heart could ne'er withstand her touching cry; he married her, since which time nothing has been heard of him; it is supposed that he took her name, and was thus lost—not to his *family*, but to us.

Emma's "flaming nose he saw with consternation,
And back to hell his way did take,
For the devil thought by a slight mistake
It was the general conflagration."

I would not intimate that Emerson drinks, for he does not, though he was known to have a bottle of hard cider in

his room once while in College—*only this and nothing more.* The most plausible account given of this jolly red nose, is that it must be the reflection of the blushes, emanating from the cheeks of the fair ladies under his charge, for he is at the head of Glenwood Female Seminary at Brattleboro. He gives eminent satisfaction, especially to his pupils.

> 'Tis said "Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing,
> Did certain persons die before they sing."

So 'twas thought of Bliss our class poet, whose eloquent effusion on this occasion may be ascribed to the excellent natural leaf from which his inspiration was drawn,—purchased at the expense of Blanchard. Inspired by a pipe of *navy* he soared off into the infinitude of space, and was lost to view ; soon after Prof. Chandler discovered a new planet, which he declares he recognizes as our lost poet.

Smith "threw physic to the dogs," and opened a hotel. He would have succeeded admirably, but he kept a temperance house. Howe, opened opposite him with a well stocked bar, and soon Smith's shutters went up, whether from bankruptcy or disgust he never told, though from external evidence the latter seemed the more probable. In a trip through New England in the summer of '87, I stopped over night in Fryeburg, where I met Hill, the "Aaron Burr" of our class. He was about to lead to the hymenial altar, his *fourth* wife, whose sparkling eye, and dimpled cheek betokened the fact, that Hill had lost none of that *instinct* which characterized his younger days; he greeted me with that same warm cordiality which was always his wont—"By Jimmy Condit, how are you?" Upon the review of the years that had passed, I discovered that he had prospered well in his chosen profession, and I judged he had done well in the *matrimonial line.*

A great mystery, hanging like a cloud of night over the world has been solved. In the spring of '67, I received a letter from Goffstown, enquiring if I had seen anything of Blaisdell ; he had disappeared the previous fall, since which time nothing had been heard from him. It was thought he might have gone West. Last May, while the house which he occupied was undergoing repairs, in the garret, in the midst of rubbish, our classmate was found sleeping as calmly as a new born babe. He was awakened from his Rip Van Winkle slumbers and brought to the light of day. From the marvelous stories of his dreams which he relates, it appears his metaphysical acumen is still unimpaired, and he has fully demonstrated to the world that the mind is always conscious while

asleep; at least no one will doubt but that he was in that soporific state. A storm is brewing, though now it blows but a gentle *Gale*, whose whispering zephyrs cross my path, and our eleventh hour man is ushered into view. Gale was never called lazy, but he always seemed to consider it a *virtue* to be just a little late. After leaving College, he imitated the illustrious Micawber, and waited for something to turn up, but finally succeeded in getting a school by being on hand just in the nick of time, when a teacher was wanted. He is married, though he proposed to three different ladies, just after some one else had been accepted. His last proposal was to a widow whose husband was killed. Gale, as soon as he heard the news, laid the matter before her for consideration, to which in due course of time she returned a propitious reply. Anderson has devoted his labor to the study of the abstruse problems of nature, and has arrived at the conclusion, that the earth is a hollow and nearly spherical body, inhabited inside and out; this idea is wholly original with him, having attained it after years of close study and reflection, and wholly ignorant of the fact, that John Merrill published a volume, about the year 1860, proving the same theory. Page migrated to Alaska, where he created a great sensation among the natives, with his patent spring heel boots and gorgeous display of neckties. Johnnie found the sweets of single blessedness bitter to the taste, and felt the need of some tender heart to get up cold mornings to build the fire, so he took unto him one of the virgins of the land, in whose docile nature he found an apt pupil. He is in partnership with Hathaway. We turn a *Page*, and come to a *Campbell*. Cassius, faithful to his youthful passion, determined to die by Su(s)ie'(s) side, but "*varium et mutabile semper femina*,"

"She whispering I will ne'er consent, consented,"

although she declared from the very first she didn't like him; he occupies a professor's chair in Andover Theological Seminary. John Lord, after a long debate between lying and preaching, studied theology, and following the bent of his youthful inclinations, emigrated to Utah. He subscribes at least to a part of their doctrines. Our worthy Marshal, who sits blushing before you to-day, the *Van* of our class, adorns the alderman's chair in New York City, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of his position. He sways his mitre with impartial hand. His connection with the D. B's., which I am happy to state has been severed, sometimes

creates him a little trouble; when an old acquaintance is brought before him, his heart for a moment wavers, but his *conscience* triumphs.

It gives me great pleasure, though mingled with pain, to think that Chandler should be *so* disappointed—to say that Noyes carried off the silver cup, completing his list of College honors—the knife, spoon, and the cup, all justly merited. The Bluff is what gained him the latter. He visited the beach, as was his custom, the Summer of graduation. He met *Florence*, the heroine of 1866, whom he rescued from a watery grave in the briny deep. She fell upon his neck and in accents wild informed him that the fond parient had kept his promise, that he had departed this mundane sphere, and had left half of his property—five hundred thousand dollars,—to Raymond Noyes, in consideration of his gallant conduct in rescuing his daughter from the perils of the deep. He also left a request that they should unite their fortunes. *Rosey* immediately closed the bargain, and now lives in Boston, keeping the finest stud of horses in the city. Some time ago he presented Dartmouth College with twenty thousand dollars, the interest to defray the expenses of a band for Commencement. We have a small pile of *Wood*, but like the widow's cruise, it is destined to last a long time. He has been laboring as a missionary in Coos county for the past ten years, and as a precursor of the advance in civilization which that benighted region has reached during his labors, I may state, that last spring, seven out of the eight voters polled the republican ticket; appearances bear a hopeful aspect. Blanchard, abjuring all puritanical notions, has turned Chinaman, married to a lady of high rank of that race. He wears his *pigtail*, and has hopes of becoming Tycoon some day. Chandler, though he did not get the silver cup, congratulates himself that he would have been entitled to two, but for the *coup de main* of Noyes. He is now superintendent of Public Instruction in Ohio. While passing through Marshall, Michigan, my attention was attracted by the sign—A Brown Cook, the enemy of all human diseases; cure guaranteed or no pay; limbs amputated without pain, &c.—Asa is still an old maid, and always gets into bed left foot first. Hale was for a time Conductor on a line of horse Cars between Hanover and West Lebanon, though he now runs an independent line of omnibuses, as by some means, of which *I* am unacquainted, he discovered the young ladies always liked a *"bus"* when they went out. Curtis, surnamed the *Beau*, lured into forgetfulness of the

outer world, charmed by the *unfading beauties* of our sylvan retreat, where the *evergreens* bloom in perennial verdure, with that *Grace* which—

> "Age cannot wither—nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety,"

reposed a year in luxurious ease. He is now at the head of an extensive Iron Foundry in Toledo, Ohio. I will say for the benefit of Smith, that he is married and content with the angel of his choice, the *one thousand nine hundred and ninety-ninth.*

Hughes has amassed a large fortune and gained a reputation equal to that of Gough, in delivering his chamber lecture. He used to remark that he was following in the footsteps of that illustrious orator, as he used to deliver chamber lectures and get beastly drunk. I don't believe JAD. meant to include the latter statement. Bennett would have been on the floor of Congress long before this, having been a candidate for that honor several times, but for his unfortunate marriage. He was mated to a lady, whom he wooed for her money, and thus cast a blight upon all his schemes of ambition. She makes him do her bidding, nor will she allow him to associate with the common herd so necessary to the political life. Cushing, though *Frank* in his Senior year, discovered his *Frank*-ness unsuited to the prosperity which he hoped to attain, and he returned to the modest pretentions of his Sophomore year, and from the frequent *squalls* heard nightly beneath his roof, one may judge with what success his efforts were crowned; he taught school, notwithstanding his antipathy for the calling and from some unaccountable reason became attached to it. At the last annual Commencement he was inaugurated President of Dartmouth College. Although I never ascertained definitely the fact, from a remark made, I always supposed Hal. Clark belonged to the "*Lone Star*" society and was the member designated —"the charming leg." However that may be, he is now practicing law in California, and adding to his store of worldly pelf by giving a few select scholars lessons in vocal music. Hathaway who in the halcyon days of his College course, built lofty air castles for the future, the inspiration whereof was found in communion with *familiar spirits*, recently made a *short* speech in the legislature of Alaska, of twenty-three hours and thirty minutes. I regret that I am unable to give you the speech in full; the reporters all fell asleep, as did also the audience, and the *main* portion of his effort was lost. I refrain from giving a part, as it would only be a *til bit* to

make you crave for more. Classmates: my prophetic vision is ended, I have disclosed to you a future, but remember my decrees are not irrevocable; if you would change the destiny I have marked out for you, it must be done by your own efforts. Arise then to the reality of the life that awaits you.

> "Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
> The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar."

There is work for you to do, but others have climbed the hill and why should you falter? We are soon to leave the shades of old Dartmouth. Ere that sun which now gilds yon mountain tops with its golden shadows, shall have sped 'round twice in his course and left the world in darkness, our College days will be ended—we shall bid each other farewell. Our paths in life will be widely separated, and we can scarcely expect that we shall all meet together again, but the memories of our College days will ever cling to us as a bright memento of the past. We now stand in the portals of a new life; it is but just begun; let us meet its battles bravely, and like men. Dame fortune beckons us on; then

> Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
> To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

I shall not weary you with advice, knowing how true it is, that if it prove good it will be forgotten; if it prove bad; it will be remembered; but I would remind you of this truth, "Luck lies in bed biding his time, while labor turns out to vigorous work and makes his fortune." Bear this in mind and let not a *natural weariness* o'ercome you, nor permit indolence to be your companion.

> "For just experience tells in every soil,
> That those that think must govern those that toil."

ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT.

By JOHN WARD PAGE, Montpelier, Vt.

Honored and Respected Sir :

When one has taken passage upon a vessel which is to bear him from all that he holds dear, turning to the dim line where the sea and cloud blend together, a shade of sorrow flits across his countenance, and his bosom palpitates with the rush of conflicting emotions as he utters a sad farewell.

So to-day, as we assemble to bid farewell to you, to familiar scenes and old associations, before launching our barks upon the turbulent sea of active life, we experience a deep regret that the time draws nigh in which we must sever the ties that have connected us with our instructors and our Alma Mater.

It was our good fortune to be the first class that entered these hallowed walls

> "Where Science reigns, and trees of Knowledge grow,"

after you had assumed the guidance and control of the institution, and four years, amid these classic shades, have served to stamp upon the tablets of our hearts many a pleasing thought to be treasured in the store house of memory, and have knit us together as a band of brothers. Many are the changes that the hand of time has wrought among us ! It is in vain that you would seek some of those familiar faces that commenced this course with us.

Some have left their Alma Mater's side to quarry out "Life's uncertain course" while two have been gently wafted to a happier clime,

> "As flowers plucked and borne from earth away,
> To smile and bloom in Heaven's eternal day."

Others have joined our ranks, and together we view the happy years passed within these college walls and re-enact

the scenes once so new to us. It is with a deep and profound gratification we recall your efforts to secure for us a pleasant, as well as instructive course, and as we step forth from these peaceful walls to mingle in the crowds and conflicts of busy life, we shall remember that we leave here a shrine, nestled among these rough and rugged hills, apart from the allurements of fashionable and artificial life, around which shall cluster hallowed associations serving as a magnet to often remind us of our instructors and our Alma Mater with her time-worn halls and alcoves filled with the treasures of all ages. And if at some future time this class shall be permitted to revisit these rock-bound hills and classic shades, they will but yield to the impulse of the heart in greeting them as old and well tried friends.

We know, Sir, that it has been your aim to promote the self-development of this class, and, aware that the temptations of intellect are not comparable to those of dullness, you have often dwelt upon the rich fruits of moral thoughtfulness, and endeavored to so train us that, while battling with the trials of life, we might form our opinions intelligently and entertain them decidedly.

Grasping the keys that unlock the treasure-house of knowledge and wisdom, you and your associate instructors have been our zealous and untiring pioneers, and, guiding us through the fields of classic lore and amid the shades of science, have taught us to pluck the

"Amaranthine flowers of Truth."

It has been good for us to be together ; we have toiled in the laboratory of Nature—we have gone through arduous duties in the pursuit of knowledge—we have mingled in harmony, in joy, and now, like all things else, these pleasant associations must end. We bid adieu, cherishing the kindest feelings for the interest of our Alma Mater and yourself. It is the earnest desire of the class of '68, that you may long be spared to watch over and advise for the good of the college. It shall be their prayer that success may crown your endeavors ; that your pathway may be illumined with the rays of gladness, and when your evening sun goes down, it may be like that in Eastern climes which knows no frown.

We part in quietness, expecting after a brief period of rest, to renew the struggle of life in new and varied spheres, and bidding adieu to the cherished associations of our past, we ask for our future, the blessing of our beloved Alma Mater.

ODE.

By J. HERBERT TWOMBLY, Dover.

Air, by C. H. M.

The golden hours have swiftly passed,
  Since first we gathered here;
And now—in memory of the past—
  We pause to drop a tear.
Our Alma Mater's cherished us
  So tenderly and well,
That 'tis with sadden'd thoughts, we must
  Bid her a last farewell.

The same dear faces greet us here,
  As many times before:
They seem to us made doubly dear,
  Now college life is o'er;
Yet some, alas! we miss to-day,
  Who in our circle moved;
They've gone to tread another way—
  The way, by God approved.

In sadness have we come to-day,
  To sever all those ties
That oft' have lighted up our way—
  And will through all our lives.
We soon must speak the parting word,
  And give the friendly hand,
When wishes for success are heard,
  From all our little band.

But Hope has shown us higher fields,
  That in the Future lie;—
Let Honor, Truth, be on our shields
  And thither let us hie.
We meet again? Ah! who can tell
  The scenes through which we pass;
Place high this motto—guard it well—
  "Be faithful to the last."

FAREWELL ADDRESS AT THE OLD PINE.

By FRANK M. BENNETT, Boston, Mass.

Classmates: We stand upon the threshold of a new era in our lives; for ere the sun shall twice sink into those mountain-girdled chambers of the west we shall have taken our last quaff from the golden cup of knowledge, proffered by the kind hand of Dartmouth.

It is sad to do almost anything for the last time. The hand of the sculptor trembles as it gives the last touch to the dumb marble, though that touch may place a whisper upon its silent lips, or a smile upon its frozen cheeks. The mariner, though calm the sea and mild the breeze that wafts him from home and kindred, looks back with eyes dimmed with tears, upon his dear native hills as one by one they slowly sink beneath the crest of the swelling deep. To them he may never return. The dearest ties are severed perhaps forever. Sad indeed must it be for that lonely heart on the lonely sea to say "*farewell!*"

We are performing our last duties as students of honored Dartmouth here in the shade of this pioneer of former days rearing its branches green and beautiful toward the silent heavens—

> "The sole survivor of a race
> Of giant *pines*, where once the wood
> Rang with the battle or the chase."

This is our last farewell—our last fond meeting. Let our parting words be such as come from hearts united by the kindest feelings—such as shall ever whisper in memory's ear in accents soft as the murmurs in the boughs o'er our heads. Let no cloud wrap this hour's work in even a shadow of gloom, but may what we say and do here serve to brighten all our future days.

Our hope of remembrance and our desire to remember our friends and benefactors are among the noblest sentiments that exalt our being This common feeling of humanity—few are so humble as to sink below—none so exalted as to rise above. The thought of being forgotten is the death-knell of the spirit. Though our bodies moulder we would have our memories live. We would leave some monument to tell others that we have been. The shipwrecked sailor, thrown on a shore where eye of man never lightened, before he scoops in the burning sand his last sad resting place, scratches on a fragment of his shattered bark the record of his fate, in the melancholy hope that it may some day be repeated to the dear ones who have long looked out in vain for his coming. The laureled warrior beneath whose mighty foot crowns have crumbled, and whose hand has divided empires, when he sinks on the red field of victory, and life is flying from his quivering limbs, turns his last mortal thought on that posthumous life, written upon his country's brightest page. That remembrance we so ardently desire we gladly render unto others: To our college, our instructors, our friends, and all that association can render dear. These we would gladly remember, and will give them a place in our hearts, from which they shall never be torn.

Turn back a leaf in our history. Four years ago we left our pleasant homes for this chosen retreat of learning and refinement. Bloodshed and confusion were scattered throughout our land—the wheels of ambition's cruel chariot were reeking in the blood of Freedom's noble sons—Tyranny and Treason had erected a thousand gory altars on as many battle fields. Many, I dare say, would have joined us who fell victims to their cruel flames—many o'er whose lonely graves wild flowers are now blooming, had not war's ruthless heel trampled them in the dust, would be here to-day. They have fallen! Yes, they have fallen!

> "Low in glory's lap they lie.
> Though they fell, they fell like stars,
> Flashing splendor through the sky."

Could our tongue call them from the dust, we would gladly clasp their hands; but that glorious slumber the eloquence of angels alone shall disturb. Too calm is that rest to be broken by the sweetest harmonies of earth. They have gone to their rest! Their warfare is over! Their triumph complete!

From their example we can learn this precious lesson:—That to live for our fellow men is the noblest boon given to

mortals—to die in the cause of truth is Heaven's most acceptable sacrifice. Then may this be OUR epitaph, not chiseled on perishing marble, but engraved in the hearts of a grateful people—*They lived that error might die—they died that truth might live.*

A blest eternity should always be the goal for which we strive, for earthly hopes, however bright, how soon, alas! are blasted. One from our number has already left these hallowed bowers of learning for "life's golden shore." While we mourn his loss, we rejoice at his victory in that last conflict where triumph is crowned with eternal life. Sherman sleeps! he sleeps in a Christian's grave. In the sincerity of hope and the serenity of a heavenly peace he sighed his weary soul away. We may erect a monument to tell others where he rests—it will perish! We may extol his life with fitting eulogies—they will be forgotten! The noblest and most enduring tribute we can bear to his memory will be like him to

> "So live, that sinking on that last long sleep,
> We then may smile while all around us weep."

Classmates: A new world lies before us; but one step forward and we are in that world. We go forth from yonder halls single handed to fight our own battles; though our arm be weak, or our position humble, each can live a noble life. Each one can add *something* to the cause of Justice and Truth; for the civilization and progress of six thousand years have brought neither the one to perfection nor removed all mystery from the other. The age demands busy hands, busy brains and earnest hearts. It requires no mean talents to keep pace with the march of improvement, but none need despair of success. What we want in nature can be made up by industry. The richest harvests are gathered from the most carefully cultivated fields. Then if you possess but one talent, by no means hide that one in a napkin. Let no one waste an idle breath or an empty sigh on what he might have been under kinder auspices; for by improving every power he can become a whole man, wanting nothing, *Totus, teres atque rotundus.*

Classmates: Our course is done! The shade of the past is creeping upon our last moments here. How truly, with Bryant, may we exclaim—

> "Thou unrelenting past!
> Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
> And fetters, sure and fast,
> Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign."

And now, Dartmouth, queen of the mountains, *farewell!* Instructors, students, friends, and ye "hills

> Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; ye vales
> Stretching in pensive quietness between;
> Ye venerable woods; ye rivers that move
> In majesty; and ye complaining brooks,
> That make the meadows green,"—

We bid you, one and all—FAREWELL!

GRADUATING CLASS.

Anderson, David Allen,	*Goffstown.*
Ayers, Walter Howard,	*Canterbury.*
Bennett, Francis Marion,	*Boston, Mass.*
Blaisdell, Kimball Foster,	*Goffstown.*
Blanchard, George Adams,	*Placerville, Cal.*
Bliss, Henry Clay,	*Hartford, Vt.*
Campbell, Cassius Samuel,	*Windham.*
Chandler, Charles Henry,	*New Ipswich.*
Clark, Henry Salter,	*Manchester.*
Cochran, Frederic Gove,	*St. Louis, Mo.*
Condit, Aaron Dayton,	*Terre Haute, Ind.*
Cook, Asa Brown,	*Marshall, Mich.*
Curtis, Erskine Chamberlin,	*Mount Vernon, O.*
Cushing, Edward Abbott,	*Barnston, P. Q.*
Emerson, Charles Franklin,	*Chelmsford, Ms.*
Gale, Eugene Beauharnais,	*North Haverhill.*
Hale, Charles Goodwin,	*Hanover.*
Hathaway, Fernando Cortez,	*Hardwick, Vt.*
Hill, Benjamin Mead,	*Chatham,*
Howe, Charles Marion,	*Iowa City, Ia.*
Hughes, James Alexander Dupee,	*Hanover.*
Lord, John King,	*Montpelier, Vt.*
Noyes, Raymond,	*Plaistow.*
Page, John Ward,	*Montpelier, Vt.*
Ranney, Ambrose Loomis,	*New York City.*
Small, Elmer,	*Vassalborough, Me.*
Smith, Edwin Everett,	*Hanover.*
Twombly, John Herbert,	*Dover.*
Vanderpool, George Burritt,	*New York City,*
Wise, Colin Reed,	*Penfield, Ga.*
Wise, Henry Andrew,	" "
Wood, Franklin Parker,	*Haverhill.*

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